Underneath

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Underneath

by rolypoly_panda

Summary

While at a crime scene, Will stumbles intro trouble.

WHUMPTOBER 2020 PROMPT: *Rescue*

Notes

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See the end of the work for more notes

Will scowled as his shoes slipped in the mud again, smearing a blackish-brown streak into the irrigated farmfield that stretched on for acres around him. He fumbled to weave around the rows of lettuce heads, nearly stepping on a few.

Jack glared sideways at him, his nose tilted up. "Having problems?"

"You've seen my files, Jack." Will squinted in the sunlight. He felt breathless in the flat Oklahoma heat. "I've never been on to excel at sports."

Jack huffed in amusement.

They made their way towards the center of the field, to where their third Jane Doe lay face-down in the soil. She, like the others, had been left relatively untouched, with no defensive wounds, no signs of a struggle, no drugs in her system…

Will took his center stage. Distantly, he heard Jack shooing everyone as far as he could get them, but Will drowned out the sounds. White noise built up and buzzed in his ears.

All he was, was Jane Doe Number Three.

Jane Doe, whose fingerprints, teeth, and hair had been ripped out postmortem. Jane Doe, who had been fully dressed. Jane Doe, who had died from blunt-force trauma to the base of the skull, causing irreversible brain damage that had ultimately shut down her organs one by one.

Jane Doe, who was eerily similar to the past two victims, yet so strangely unique.

Will glanced over her body, over her still-warm corpse and, no, she wasn't a corpse. Not to him. To him, she was a piece of artwork. But it was art that Will had loathed. This woman reminded him of the tasks he would have to slog through in university, all the busywork needed to be done to reach his true interests.

" *--Hey!* "

Jack's voice snapped through him.

Will jerked back into awareness. Sounds and smells and sights blinded and deafened him as coherence ripped through his skull like an arrow, leaving him breathless and blinking fast around a headache. It throbbed in his temples, in time with his pulse. Will winced, pulled away from the crime scene…

He needed air.

Or, *more* air. Space. *Privacy.*

Jack continued to bark out, "There are dozens of covered wells around here. You fall through, that's it. I don't need another goddamn body in my morgue."

Will parked himself out of the way, standing between the crop fields and the treeline separating one plot from another. The ground was hard under his feet, packed heavy despite being overgrown with grass. It had been where tractors used to pass through, perhaps, but had lost its functionality.

"Will!" Jack called.

He craned his neck to Jack's call rather find his gaze.

Jack said, "That goes for you, too. Watch your footing."

Will nodded.

Rather than stand idly and have interns gawk at him, Will decided to pace. He carved a little path for himself, just a few feet.

Then longer.

And even longer, until he was walking, drifting away from the crime scene.

The grass around him grew taller. Thick weeds grabbed at his ankles and shoelaces. He was thankful for wearing high socks: a deer tick was the last thing he needed.

Will tipped his head back.

The sky was impossibly blue, the clouds far away. It had always amazed him how, the further inland he went, the flatter the clouds got. Perhaps it had something to do with sea level. Will had never bothered to figure it out…

He stumbled over a root.

Will glowered down to where the offending tree root had grabbed his foot. To his right, a giant oak dwarfed him. To his left...

Another oak.

Behind him, more trees.

He was surrounded by them.

Just how far did he wander?

Will flipped around. He could see Jack in the distance, peering around the field, no doubt searching for him. Sighing around his squeezing headache, Will made for the farm.

He made it five steps before the ground gave way and he dropped.

Time must have passed.

Will felt weightless. Cold, even.

He *must* have blacked out.

When Will finally peeled his eyes open, Jack, Beverly, Brian, and Jimmy were either shouting down at him or screaming for someone far away. It all became a mishmash of sounds he couldn't make sense of. Their voices echoed around him. Whatever it was, it must have been important, as they all wore different shades of concern on their faces. Will's eyes flicked over to Beverly.

"Will…?" She was quieter. The others went silent. Beverly continued, "You still with us?"

Will hummed.

"We'll get you out. Just hang on." she said.

He didn't even bother trying to stand. Rather, Will focused on blinking the haze from his eyes. His hands crawled around him, finding cool stone encircling him and soft dirt underneath. And despite his probable concussion and shit depth-perception at the moment, the others didn't seem too terribly far away. Perhaps ten feet? Maybe fifteen?

Ah.

A well.

Like Jack had warned.

Will blacked out again, only jolting back to consciousness when someone roughly pulled him upright. He jerked away, breathing in sharply. An older man with bright gear gripped his shoulders to try and bring clarity to him, Will presumed. The gesture only added to his anxiety.

"Calm down," the man said. "I'm here to help."

"Don't touch me…" was the first thing to tumble from Will's mouth. He went ignored. Something strapped around his middle, snug under his arms.

With a pull from above, he was on his feet. Another, and he was suspended. A third and a fourth passed, and Will was soon stumbling over the edge of a covered-up well, the stone rim barely visible under the grass and dirt piled around it.

Beverly was at his side in a second. She grimaced. "You're bleeding."

"How unfortunate." Will mumbled.

She passed a packet of pocket-tissues his way. "You good?"

Will nodded shallowly. "Yeah. Thanks."

Beverly bowed her head a bit. It did nothing to obscure her smile. She said, "No problem."

End Notes

Thanks for reading! Check out my mainly-Umbrella Academy Tumblr! I'd love to chat/hear if you have anything you want to read for Whumptober!

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